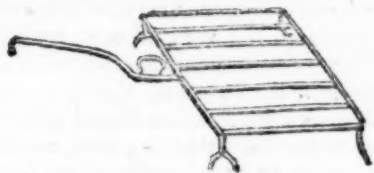


COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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COBBETT'S CORN.

WITH the sole exception of the CURRENCY MEASURES, which are now actually slaughtering the people of this country, the cultivation of this corn is the most interesting subject that can possibly engage the attention of either Government or people. In nothing good; nothing useful; nothing really beneficial to the people at large, has this Government ever co-operated within my recollection; and, indeed, with a House of Commons constructed as this is, it never can be expected to co-operate for such a purpose. According to what principle of our laws, and custom, and constitution it is, that this Government raises taxes upon us wherewith to make loans to commercial and manufacturing speculators; to road and canal and railway projectors; to street and to bridge speculators; with what part of our ancient laws this strange liberty is taken with our resources, this mode is adopted of binding bodies of men to a miserable dependence upon the Government; binding them to be in hostility to the rights of the people, and so binding them with this species of application of the people's own money; with what part of our laws, the ancient and justly-boasted laws of England, it is that applying our money in this way is pretended to be consistent, it would, I believe, puzzle any lawyer to tell. If, in any case that imagination can create in the mind of man, such a diversion of any part of the people's money were proper, it might have been deemed proper in a case like that of introducing this corn. But, from the beginning, I resolved, that if done at all, the thing should be done by myself,

unsupported by any thing of what might be called a public institution. I was determined that it should be the sole act of a private man.

The following letters, which are of a most interesting nature, show that the act is done; show that the great object is accomplished; show to every man of discernment, that England can never any more, after another year or two, stand in need of bread brought from foreign shores. I sold several parcels of my seed to go to the Netherlands, where, I understand, it has been cultivated with success equal to that in England. I said, from the beginning, that the *renting farmers* would not like it; unless they happened to be men of excellent sense, seeing much further than the common herd, and having something of public spirit in their composition. In the first place, they would not want any new thing that should tend to raise their rent and their tithes; and, above all things, they would dislike the introduction of a plant, which would, of necessity, make their labourers more independent of them. Ten rods of ground, cultivated as a labourer would cultivate his garden, would yield not less than from ten to fifteen bushels of corn, cleared from the cob. These properly made use of as human food would be of great resource to the labourer; but if used only in the fatting of a pig, it would make a fat hog of from twelve to seventeen score. Suppose fourteen score make 280 pounds, and those 280 pounds of meat would give the labourer three quarters of a pound of meat for every day in the year. This corn might be given to smaller pigs as circumstances might point out, and enable the labourer to kill porker four or five times in the year. There are few gardens of labourers in the country, unless where they have been totally stripped by the bull-frog system of inclosure, which do not contain twenty or thirty rods each. These gardens will now soon be ridden of the miserable apple and gooseberry trees, and the

hardly less miserable stuff as *human food*, cabbages, potatoes, and other rubbish, which are only proper for men to eat when they have an abundance of flesh-meat.

Hence must arise independence, in some degree, to the labouring man. For I am not supposing that the present state of things can possibly exist for any length of time. Against that state of things, neither corn nor any thing else can make head; but on the return of any thing like a good state of things, the labourer must be rendered more independent by the cultivation of this crop; and this independence of the labourer is what the senseless renting farmer does not like. Very different is it with the landlord and the parson, and, indeed, with all the rest of the community. The landlord will see the foreign corn shut out, by the increased produce of his own land; and he and the parson, and every body else, will see the poor-rates diminished, and the misery and the thieving diminished also, by this additional food given to the labourer. The introduction of the plant will be a benefit to the whole of the nation; and it may be particularly distinguished by the name of the *poor man's plant*; the *poor man's blessing*.

The following letters I have numbered from one to ten. Several of them contain questions, put to me relative to certain things appertaining to the cultivation of the corn, and some of them ask particularly what is the state of my own crop this year. After I have inserted the letters, I will give the answers required, expressing here, however, that I have, somehow or other, mislaid a very interesting letter from a gentleman near Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire, and giving me an account of his own crop, and of the very fine crop of the Rev. Mr. Morrice, of Great Brick-hill, in Buckinghamshire.

No. 1.

Sunday, August 9, 1829.

SIR,—I am happy to find, by your Register of yesterday, that your *Indian Corn* is doing well, and is likely to pro-

duce an excellent crop! I am a fair and candid man; and when I have been converted to a good cause, I like to acknowledge it. I was one of those, and indeed, more than most men, who laughed and ridiculed the very idea of growing Indian corn in this country, as something so idiotic and so absurd, that it was not worth answering. But a friend of mine, an acute and deep-thinking man, advised me to plant, as an experiment, only two or three acres with your corn. I hooted at his advice, and looked upon him as a man given to waste his time and his land in fruitless experiments and improvements; and without doing my friend the slightest injustice, perhaps I may say that he is a little too fond of novelty! In the month of March, the subject arose again; and I was still obstinate! However, I happened in the course of a few days afterwards to be standing in a bookseller's shop at Canterbury, where your "*Treatise on Indian Corn*" was lying upon the counter; I took it up, and read a page or two; it appeared to me to be so forcibly, so clearly and so admirably written, that I bought the book. I read it, not once, but twice; and marked several passages, which were master-pieces in point of power and vigour of language. I became converted: I planted at the beginning of April, *three acres* of your corn, and, in the middle of May, *two more*. It is doing beautifully well; and, with what I read in your Register this morning, I have every reason to hope that I shall have an ample crop.

These five acres offer an example and encouragement to my neighbours to grow the plant more than they have done in our part of the country: but, like every thing else, there will at first be raised a cry and prejudice against it. I wish to ask you, whether you have yet taken off the tops and leaves of your corn. I am preparing a piece of land for five acres more next year! My brother, who is a great sporting character, who keeps dogs of all sorts, and horses for his own pleasure, advises me to plant at least fifteen acres!

Your constant reader,

W. W.

Monday, September 7, 1829.

SIR,—I feel flattered by the notice of my letter addressed to you of the date of August 9, in your Register of Saturday last; you seem to think that I ought to have signed my name. Ah! but what is *in a name*? W. W. is as good. This morning I rose between five and six o'clock, and proceeded to take off the tops and leaves of my Indian Corn; and as I walked up and down the small field, giving directions every now and then to my labourer, an active, intelligent, and hard-working man, I could not refrain from congratulating myself, that I had cast aside my prejudices, and planted your corn; and I exulted with an honest pride, that I should have the pleasure and satisfaction of reaping a good and plentiful crop, notwithstanding the many contemptuous sneers and incredulous smiles of my more wise and enlightened neighbours. I have taken a great interest in it, which, I may say with truth, daily increases, as you may judge from the tone and temper of my communications; not because it is new, for I am not a man who loves any thing on account of its mere novelty; far, very far from it; but because I have a firm and strong conviction that the corn will turn out to be as useful and profitable, as it will prove wholesome and excellent food both for man and beast: and were a person to view my crop, as it now stands, and then to read the seventh chapter of your excellent *Treatise on Indian Corn*, replete, as it unquestionably is, with deep, accurate, and sound knowledge; I have no hesitation in saying that he would admit, that I had more than realised even your most sanguine wishes and hopes. I write not this to praise myself, for I should be unjust and uncandid were I not to own, that I owe it all to you, as I have strictly adhered to the rules, and followed the directions, which you have laid down in your clear and admirably written book. But it is incumbent upon me here to remark, that I have unavoidably been obliged to deviate from one of your directions, that the corn should be planted in a dry soil, and in a situation which

lies as much as possible open unto the air and sun; but this it was impossible for me to do, as the soil of my land is very moist, though extremely rich; and what is more, the field in which I have planted the corn is embosomed in high trees, so that it may be said to stand in the midst of a thickly studded grove. But what does this prove? why, that the plant is capable of being reared to advantage, even in the most discouraging of soils and of situations. Although the summer has been so unpropitious, yet I have a full confidence that I shall be able to reap my corn by the middle of next month. A few such fine days as we have had lately, will do wonders. Without boasting, I may venture to assert, that a crop more promising, more fair, and more beautiful to view, is not to be found in Kent, or in any of the neighbouring counties.

About a week since, I learned from an intelligent and well-informed man, that a farmer at *Harbledown*, near Canterbury, had sown a quarter of an acre more or less of your corn; and that it appeared to him to be in a most thriving and flourishing condition. I have not yet seen it, as I have been so occupied in getting in my beans and barley, which, I lament to say, are but a very indifferent crop. I understand that this piece of corn is planted in a very good and warm situation, and, being upon the slope of a hill, gets plenty of sun, which is a great thing. From the crudeness of my style, you will readily imagine that I can wield more dexterously, and with far more ease, the scythe, the sickle, and the spade, than the pen; and you will believe me when I avow, that the writing of these few lines have cost me more time, more trouble, and more labour, than the digging of half an acre of hop-ground. Slender as my abilities are, and superficial as my knowledge is, yet I am considered the book-worm of the parish! And when I turn from the grave and useful pages of Tull's *Book of Husbandry*, and the more delightful and entertaining reading of Cobbett's Registers, my companions and friends often find me poring over the comic, droll, humorous, and witty

scenes of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, in loud and immoderate fits of laughter.

My father, who is a man of the old school, and loves to talk of the good old times, hires a beautifully conditioned farm, of about one hundred and fifty acres. It is a perfect *ferme ornée*, if I may be permitted to use a French expression, and yields an ample surplus above the rent, which is about five and thirty shillings an acre round, so that it enables us to live contentedly and comfortably in these hard times. I must now conclude, as I am much afraid that I have already trespassed too long on your valuable time.

Your humble and obedient servant,
and very constant reader,
W. W.

No. 2.

*Bilston, Staffordshire,
7th Sept. 1829.*

SIR,—I feel great pleasure in writing to inform you of my success in growing your corn plant, though only on a small scale, in my garden. I planted the corn on May 4th, in rows three feet apart, and the plants seven inches apart in the rows, and I have cultivated it according to Tullian principles, laid down in your Treatise. Now my garden is situated in the midst of smoke and smother, arising from the different iron-works in the neighbourhood; and, coupling this with the very wet and cold summer that we have had, I really began to fear, at one time, that the corn would never ripen. However time, which (as you observed in your last Register) brings its revenges, brings its pleasures also; and, in this instance, has brought a very great pleasure to me, for now I am confident that my corn will ripen; for in getting some of the ears to eat green, (which I have done several times,) I have had ears quite as large as the one from which I had the seed. This pleasure of eating green ears, however, I must deny myself this year, for I have promised all that I have left to different friends, who want it for their gardens. Upon accidentally biting one of the stalks, I was surprised at the excessive sweetness of it; in fact, I never remember to have tasted any thing so

sweet in my life. Your description of it had given me an idea of it, but one a good deal short of the reality.

I have heard talk of several people in the neighbourhood having some in their gardens, and I have seen one patch of it besides my own, and much about the same as mine as to forwardness.

I should not have troubled you with this, had I not thought you would like to have information from different places in the kingdom; and I did not perceive among the letters from your correspondents, any coming from this neighbourhood. Wishing you health and long life, to see the cultivation of this plant to become general, I remain,

With the greatest respect,
Your obedient servant,
S. SELLMAN.

No. 3.

Bristol, 7th September, 1829.

SIR,—Observing in your last Register several letters from various correspondents on the subject of your Indian corn, I am induced to trouble you with a few observations relative to the state of my crop. I began upon a small scale; but if I have an opportunity another year, it is my intention to plant more extensively.

In April last, I planted in my garden about six rods with your corn, in rows three feet distant, and six inches apart in the rows. The soil light, very good for carrots and parsnips, but on which I could never grow wheat. The situation shaded with trees and buildings, and not by any means to have been chosen for such an experiment. When the seeds germinated, and the spears appeared above ground, they were nearly all destroyed by the birds; so that I was driven to the necessity of adopting another plan, which was by sowing the seed in a cucumber frame, which I did in May; and when the plants were from four to five inches high, transplanting them into the same ground, and at the same distances; and, although this operation was performed in dry weather, without the aid of the watering pot, not a single plant failed. During the summer cultivation, I kept the weeds completely under with a hoe, dug between the in-

tervals with a spade, and, at the same time, earthed up the plants. At present, the plants, about 500 in number, stand from four to five feet high, and have on each stalk from three to seven cobs; and judging from present appearances, I anticipate a plenteous crop. What a delightful treat would it be, to the agriculturist in particular, to see a field of ten or twenty acres of this corn standing and appearing as my small plat now does!

I have begun to top the plants, which I have given to my horse, and I was much pleased to see with what avidity he ate them, preferring them to any other kind of food; and I am persuaded, if I made the sacrifice, that he would eat the whole of the plant, from the top of the tassel down to the root. This plant is certainly one of the most valuable, for general utility, that was ever introduced into this country: and to whom are we indebted for its introduction and cultivation but to you, Sir, who, as a benefactor to your country, are entitled to all the merit due for so great a discovery.

I am decidedly of opinion, from calculations which I have made, and from former experiments on the produce of the earth on the Tullian system, that, under favourable circumstances, with suitable soil and situation, 150 bushels of seed may be produced from an acre of land.

It is my intention to replant the same ground next year, without any artificial manuring, only allowing a wider space for each plant; when I fully expect a more abundant produce than I shall reap this year. I am, Sir,

Your very obliged Servant,

N. BARTLEY.

No. 4.

Stanton, near Bury St. Edmunds,
Sept. 9, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—As you wish for information respecting that species of Indian corn which you have had the honour to introduce into this country, I am induced to lay before you the following particulars. In the first week in May, I planted a quarter of an acre of this corn, and I

adhered to the instructions laid down in your book; some I transplanted, some I did not; and although the weather has proved very unkind, yet it has grown luxuriantly. Some of the plants are five feet in height; but on an average, about four feet. The ears are very large, and the corn fine; some of the plants have from eight to eleven ears; one plant has *thirteen*. A few days since, I took off one which measured *eight* inches in length after the husk was removed, and this ear had 385 kernels. The whole of the corn, indeed, is looking so well, that I cannot say which is the best, whether that which was transplanted, or that which was not. With respect to the amount of the produce, I have made a moderate calculation, and there will certainly be in the proportion of *eighty bushels per acre*; but in all probability there will be more.

A great number of persons have been to see this corn, and they are much surprised at its luxuriance. When I was about to plant it, some of them endeavoured to discourage me by saying, that *it would not grow*. When they saw it growing and looking well, they then said *it would come to nothing*; but now they see the plants loaded with ears, their tone is altered; they know not what to say, and so they comfort themselves with the idea that *it certainly would not ripen*. This will be proved in the sequel: I am not at all uneasy on that point. Even the parsons and the tax-eaters cannot help casting a side glance at it as they pass by, and exclaiming "*Cobbett looks well*."

I am sorry to inform you that the farmers generally disparage this species of grain. What can be their motive? I am afraid that it is a narrow-minded prejudice, as they say, "*If this sort of corn be so abundant, what are we to do with that which we already have?*" This is sorry reasoning; but you know their minds and tempers better than I can tell you.

In conclusion, I beg to say that I conceive you have done an essential service to your country in introducing this corn; it will now be cultivated in spite of all the prejudice which may be raised.

against it by the farmers, one of whom confessed in a letter which he published the other day, that "*if Cobbett had introduced a species suited to our climate, he had cancelled a multitude of political sins.*" This was *his* opinion; I feel perfectly convinced that it will succeed; and where it does not, I believe it to be owing to the negligence of the cultivator, and from what I have lately seen and heard, I think the negligence may be sometimes *wilful*, for what purpose you may readily guess.

I may as well take this opportunity of stating, that my son has a large quantity of the Locust Trees; they were raised from seed which he had of you, and they are looking extremely well.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
JOHN KENT.

No. 5.

1, Kempe's Row, Ranelagh Grove,
Pimlico, August 26, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—A letter has been handed to me, written by Dr. Henry Sully, a very eminent physician in the West of England, in which he requests to be informed where he can purchase one hundred weight of American corn meal, such as you recommend for making mush in your excellent Corn Treatise, Article 156. He intends to introduce it into an Infirmary, being thoroughly convinced that it will be excellent for the sick and wounded.

This gentleman's letter goes on to state, that "*his field of Cobbett Corn is the admiration of every body*"; and suggests a plan to procure a greater uniformity of growth in the corn plants, which I will take the liberty to communicate to you when my time will permit.

Perhaps, Sir, you will have the goodness to favour me with an early reply to the former part of this letter. Doctor Sully appears very anxious on the subject, and as he is a gentleman very highly respected in the neighbourhood of Taunton, Wiveliscombe, &c., his example as a corn planter is likely to be generally followed.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
J. D. COLLARD.

No. 6.

From Sir Thomas Beever to Mr. Sapsford, baker, No. 20, corner of Queen Ann and Wimpole Streets.

Hargham, near Attleborough,
Norfolk, 8th August, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—Since I had the corn from you in the spring, I have been in the constant habit of using my bread *half and half*. The only observation I have ever had made upon it, has been occasionally such as, "*What remarkably nice bread yours is, Beever.*" It is true, I have more than once been told by persons, that the corn is *not fit for human food, at the very time they have been eating it, but such* I never think it worth my while to undeceive at the time. My stock, I find, is now very nearly exhausted; and as I should be unwilling to give up the constant use of it, having once introduced it into my family, I should feel extremely obliged by your sending me another quarter, if you have it to spare; and if you will, at the same time, inform me what I am in your debt, I will take the first opportunity of discharging it. My own crop promises very fairly, I might say highly, considering the disadvantages of the spring; and I am proud to say I have seen but one piece, and that only of a few rods, superior.

No. 7.

Wrexham, North Wales,
4th Aug. 1829.

SIR,—I have been expecting for some time, that you would have favoured the readers of the Register with an account of the progress of your Indian corn. Individually, I feel considerable anxiety to know, on many accounts, what prospect of success you have this year. Stupid Bott, of Liverpool, is endeavouring to persuade his readers, that your corn has proved a complete failure, "*as he anticipated.*" Good God, I was ignorant, until this moment, that so disagreeable a repulse had the power of anticipating any thing beyond the gratification of its own selfish appetite.

I will admit that this season has not been a propitious one, more especially during the germination of the seed. From the first week in May to the second

week in June, we not only had no rain, but a continuance of dry, cold, parching wind, more particularly during the night. A great proportion of the seed which was planted on an acre of land on the 6th of May, did not even vegetate until the rain came, but those seeds which happened to be more favourably situated, are as luxuriant as could be wished. I am convinced, therefore, that the circumstance of the corn not coming up regularly, must not be attributed to the climate of England not being suitable to the plant, but to the fact before-mentioned. When the skilful cultivator shall have become acquainted with the nature of this elegant plant, he will take care that there shall be no greater risk of its failing than his barley.

Farmers, in general, are superlatively stupid. The introduction of any new plant, or of any thing new in cultivation, is looked upon with unaccountable suspicion, and it is not until the successful practice of more enlightened individuals has convinced them, that they can be prevailed upon to travel out of the beaten path.

I have about 2000 plants growing in my garden, 1000 of which were transplanted the first week in June, (on ground which had borne a very large crop of early cabbages,) the seed having been sown the 11th April; the rest were planted the first week in May. There is a great variety in the height of the plants, owing to the seed not coming regularly up, some measuring four feet nine inches to the top of the bloom head, while others measure only two and three feet. The whole are in bloom, and the silk has very generally made its appearance. After a careful examination, I find the average number of ears on each plant will be four. There are a few with seven ears. The whole have been attended to precisely according to the directions you have given, and they were suckered in due time.

The great interest I take in all your undertakings, will, I hope, be a sufficient apology for the trouble I give you in asking for the information I require.

Thanking you once more for the gratification I continually receive from your

labours, and that you may be permitted to enjoy a long life, is the sincere wish of

Your true friend,

WILLIAM BOWKER.

No. 8.

*Poor House, Newport, Monmouthshire,
Sunday Morning, Aug. 9, 1829.*

SIR,—The following letter was written this day fortnight, but from my various avocations, and in part neglect, I omitted to forward it to you as I intended; and your Register, which I received last night, may, in some degree, render its publication unnecessary; however, as you court information on the subject of your corn, I shall take the trouble to copy it, leaving it to you to publish any part of it or not, as you may think proper. SAMUEL ETHERIDGE.

SIR,—Myself, with others in this town, who are readers of your Register, have felt somewhat disappointed at not seeing any account of the growth of your corn, and what prospect you have of a crop. When I was at Bard Elm Farm, on Friday, the 26th of June, your men and teams were then at work in the field, some of them ploughing the earth from the roots, and others returning up to the roots of the corn, that which had been removed in the same way a few days before.

As soon as I entered the field, I perceived that the wire-worm, or some such destructive insect, had been busily at work with your plants, as well as with mine, for there were scarcely one in half a dozen that had a healthy appearance, and in many places they were prostrate on the ground, withering and dying, several of which I picked up and examined, and found the little destructive insect embodied in the stem, the same as I had found in those of my own planting. I walked a turn or two (or about, as we used to term it in Gloucestershire) with the men and one of the teams before I came to your house, and likewise afterwards, and I found them very intelligent and well-informed on the subjects of agriculture; one of whom expressed a wish that you would have the whole of the healthy plants on one side of the field taken up, and transplanted into the other, to fill up the va-

cancies occasioned by the wire-worm; and afterwards plant mangel wurzel or drum-head cabbage in the place from whence those were taken: this man's plan or proposal appeared to me so reasonable, that I feel anxious to know if you adopted it, and with what success, as it may afford a guide to others.

I stated to you, that I had planted a small quantity to try with what success it may be cultivated in this county, and that I had been tormented with the destruction of a part of my crop by the same kind of insect that was at work with yours; but that I had found from experience, that frequent hoeings with a narrow heavy hoe, here termed a *mattock*, that my corn flourished and was looking well.

No person wishing to try the experiment as to the success of a crop of your corn, has met with more discouragement or worse luck than myself. On one piece of beautiful rich land, about a quarter of an acre, that I had turned with the spade twice in the winter, and again at planting, the tide from the river overflowed it, and nearly destroyed the whole. In another piece, where I had planted about the same quantity, a neighbour's pigs came in, and rooted up and destroyed one-half of it, and more, so that I had to take up the whole of one piece to supply the vacancies in the other.

I will engage to say, that I now have some of the most luxuriant plants, and the best prospect of a crop that any man in the kingdom can have; and that, in spite of my own want of attention to its management, from my not having read your book sufficiently far on the subject. I actually pulled off many of the off shoots from the stem, as well as from the root; and those very shoots I soon afterwards found out, were the very shoots containing the ears. And in many, if not all these, have actually other shoots appeared in the place of those destroyed. (I mention this to show the necessity of proper attention to its cultivation, as it appears indispensably necessary that the silky fibres should make their appearance before the farina from the blossom is all fallen off.

I have now plants from two to six feet high; some with three, and others with four and five ears on each stem, from 6 to 8 inches long, with the beautiful silky fibres dying away of a brown colour; which, by the bye, to smokers, is, when dried, superior for the pipe, to any tobacco I ever smoke myself, for flavour and fragrance: perhaps you will not encourage the use of this, being no smoker yourself. Should I live until next spring, I intend trying it on a different plan to what you recommend in your book: The grain required for the ground being so little, compared with other grain, I will plant a month sooner if the season will permit, namely, the last week in March, or first week in April, and I will drill or drop into each row or hill about three times the quantity of seed required for growth on that land. If frost or other accident happen, I shall then have time to plant again; if not, and it succeed, I shall then have plants to draw, to plant another ground, or sell, or give to my neighbours, to encourage them to grow it likewise, as those plants will be just ready in time to transplant after winter greens, leeks, or early cabbages, and I doubt not, will sell as readily as any plant whatever.

This year I planted some potato or underground onions in January, at sufficient distance between the rows to admit of my planting this corn between each row, which I did the first week in May. I took up my onions, a *most excellent crop*, on the 12th of June, just as the corn required a dressing. I have had the ground near to the roots moved with the spade of my narrow heavy hoes three times, and every time has made a visible appearance in its growth, which was easily perceived in a few days afterwards; and I shall, if I live, continue the use of the spade and the hoe, to any other mode of cultivation.

On one piece of ground that failed, I had potatoes planted the first week in June; and after conversing with your men, I wrote home, and desired that the other piece should be planted with mangel wurzel and drum-head cabbage plants, which my daughter had done, and I am likely to have a most excellent crop; of

all which, I attribute, in some measure, to my having had the ground, not only manured, but turned with the spade twice in the winter, and once before planting.

I shall be glad to see in your Register, some account of the growth of your corn, and what prospect you are likely to have of a crop.

Remaining yours, respectfully,

SAMUEL ETHERIDGE.

Printer, and Contractor for the maintenance of the Poor of the Borough of Newport.

No. 9.

*Withrington Rectory, Bath,
Aug. 28th, 1829.*

SIR,—I have just read with much interest in *St. James's Chronicle*, your directions for the culture and transplantation of your corn; and cannot resist the pleasure of communicating to you the result of an experiment which I have made this summer.

In May, I procured one ear of your corn, and imagining that I might not probably succeed in ripening the grain in the open ground, I sowed a few of the seeds in a hot-bed for the purpose of forwarding the plants. In the beginning of July, I transplanted them in my garden with the exception of one, which I left in the hot-bed, where it had been raised. On this favoured plant there appear fifteen female blossoms. The male blossom, however, had shed all its farina before some of the later female blossoms appeared. I, therefore, *re-transplanted*, on one of the warmest days we had, I believe at the end of July, a plant with the male blossom in perfection; and the experiment has fully answered my expectations.

Might it not be worth while generally to cut off the stem which produces the male blossom from each alternate plant, in an earlier stage than you direct, as there would still be, I conceive, a sufficient supply of farina for all the female blossoms which are produced?

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

GEORGE COOKSON.

No. 10.

*Thinclyffe Hill, Durham,
July 25th, 1829.*

SIR,—As I have a good deal of leisure, living in the country two miles south of the city of Durham, I was induced to purchase a small bag of your corn, with the Treatise upon it, and as I fancy it may give you some satisfaction to hear of its growth so far north, I hope you will not find it too troublesome to give me your opinion on one point relating to it not mentioned in your book. The plants are now three feet high, the tassel is in perfection, and the flower going off it, the silk has made its appearance, and is three or four inches long; but as you will be aware that our country is famous for wind, (in consequence of which, many of the plants have suffered, by losing their perpendicular in parts of the stem,) will it be advisable to cut off the tops as you recommend in the month of September. I feel inclined to try this experiment, yet, as the delay of a few days may be of little consequence, perhaps you will be good enough to favour me with your opinion on the subject, for I should feel much regret to injure the crop after bringing it to its present state.

I am Sir,

Your obedient

J. PRINCE.

With regard to letter No. 1., I have only to express my great satisfaction, and to observe, that though the writer has now signed his name, I have not inserted it otherwise than by the initials, because he has not given me his express permission so to do.

Letter No. 2. has nothing particular for me to answer; and I have only to observe upon it, that the writer's corn is much forwarder than mine.

Letter No. 3. is of a very interesting description. The writer says, that he anticipates a plenteous crop, and talks of the delight of seeing a field of ten or twenty acres standing, and appearing as his crop now does. That is a sight which he will see in a very short time, in every part of this kingdom. He has

made an experiment of giving the tops and leaves to his horse; he may be very well assured that the horse would eat every bit of the plant, down to the ground. He calculates, that under favourable circumstances of soil and situation, a hundred and fifty bushels of shelled corn might be produced to the acre. I am sure they might; and there will be people enough, in a short time, to ascertain the fact.

Letter No. 4. is also very interesting. His description of his crop is worthy of the greatest attention. He has made an experiment in transplanting, and he counts upon having at the rate of eighty bushels to the acre. Any thing that I have done is pitiful work compared with what this gentleman has effected. Some of his plants have from eight to eleven ears, and one plant has thirteen; and one ear he has measured eight inches in length after the husk was removed, containing three hundred and eighty-five seeds. This far surpasses any thing that I ever grew; but I have never taken, or been able to take, so much personal pains about the matter. This gentleman's (Mr. Kent's) observations on what he calls the prejudices of the farmers, he may safely trace to the cause above-mentioned by me. The article which he mentions, lately published in "*The Farmer's Journal*," is a mixture of candour per force, and of bull-frog stupidity. This Mr. Poppey (I think it is) who signs the letter, talks of this act of mine "cancelling a multitude of political sins." If Mr. Poppey had only that sort of commonsense which induces a man to know what he is talking about before he begins to talk, he would have known that those political sins consisted in seven-and-twenty years of endeavours to prevent the arrival of that dismal state of things in which we now exist; and that more dismal state which is approaching us with accelerated step.

Letter No. 5., which comes from a gentleman at Pimlico, conveying to me a message from Dr. Henry Sully, an eminent physician in the West of England; namely, at Wiveliscombe in Somersetshire. I am happy to hear that the Doctor's corn-field is the admiration

of every body. And with regard to the American corn meal, of which he wishes to obtain a quantity, he may obtain as much as he pleases, dressed in the nicest manner, of Mr. Sylvester Sapsford, No. 20, corner of Queen Ann and Wimpole-streets, Mary-le-bone. I will here mention, for the information of the Doctor, that the corn meal is, in all countries where the corn grows, looked upon as the mildest and most desirable diet for patients under all sorts of diseases. A little while ago I sent to several of the gentlemen who are editors or proprietors of the newspapers in London, a little loaf, such as Mr. Sapsford sells, consisting of one-third of corn meal, and two-thirds of wheat flour, accompanied by a piece of cake made wholly of corn meal. In my farmhouse we use nothing but the corn-flour in the making of puddings. I will give directions relative to all these in my next Register.

Letter No. 6. is from Sir Thomas Beevor to Mr. Sapsford, on the subject of the bread made in his family. This letter is of the greatest possible interest, and must convince every man living, that after a year or two, England will never need to import a handful of corn or flour again.

Letter No. 7. comes from Wales, and is of great interest throughout, particularly where it speaks of the suspicions and hostility of the farmers. This gentleman's crop has in part *succeeded a crop of early cabbages*. By transplanting, any thing almost may be done in the double crop way.

Letter No. 8. comes from a very intelligent gentleman, who is a printer in Monmouthshire, and a contractor for the maintenance of the poor. It speaks fully of all the difficulties he has had to encounter; and shows the writer to be a most public-spirited and enterprising man.

Letter No. 9. is from a clergyman of the Church of England, whose account of the produce of one plant would, if it came from a questionable source, not be believed even by me. I should like to know, if it were not improper to ask the question, whether this Rev. Mr.

Cookson is the same that I saw at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, chaplain in a King's ship, twenty-nine years ago.

No. 10. requires an answer whether the tops may be cut off prematurely, in order to prevent the plants from being blown on one side by the wind. No necessity for this at all. Their being blown on one side is of no sort of consequence; it is not so well; but you frequently see the fields in America bending down to an angle of eighty or of sixty degrees. If they do not right themselves again, which they frequently do not, they bear equally well.

I have now the pleasure to state, that on Sunday morning last, the 13th instant, a very polite young gentleman, an officer of the navy, called upon me at Kensington, to inform me that his father, who lives in the Island of *Guernsey*, had bought some seed at my shop last winter, and that it had produced him a beautiful field of corn, now approaching towards ripeness in that island. It was very curious, that in the afternoon of the same day, a gentleman who is a farmer in the Island of *Jersey*, came to me with a message from the lieutenant-governor of that island, to ask me my opinion as to the probability of the plan succeeding in *Jersey*, he having recently read, in one of the English newspapers, an account of the crops which we have in England. The reader will perceive that I had nothing to do but to refer him to the ocular demonstration, which he would receive by just stepping into his boat and going to *Guernsey*.

Thus, then, we have an answer to Bott Smith, and to all the venomous reptiles who would see the country destroyed rather than see it compelled to receive benefits from me; thus we have, in answer to these reptiles, and all their assertions and predictions, testimonials of success from Kent, from Staffordshire, from Somersetshire, from Suffolk, from Norfolk, from North Wales, from Monmouthshire, from Durham, and from *Guernsey*; from *Guernsey* to Durham, from Canterbury to Wrexham. The thing is done; and let the devils rave and foam.

A gentleman has written me a very

interesting letter from Kilburn, in Middlesex, who has had great success upon a small scale, and who has pointed out how useful the corn might be to persons of small fortune, as affording them, from their gardens and shrubberies, a stock of food for a moderate quantity of poultry. I thank this gentleman for his very neat and well-written letter, which I shall take an opportunity of inserting another time. Another gentleman has sent me some specimens of his corn, planted here and there about his garden. This gentleman (Mr. Sellsley Hunt) is of opinion that a crop of corn will exceed in value that of any crop of wheat. He is certainly right; and as to the farmers, of whom he speaks also, they must grow it, or they must be ruined. Others who will grow it, will give higher rents than they; and that is quite enough to insure its cultivation.

I have now first to give an account of my own crop of this year. It so happened, that I was compelled to neglect all personal attention to the planting of my corn, or to neglect those other labours, which cease not to come, and which ought to be performed in preference to every thing else. The season was as bad as it could possibly be; and I never went into the field one single minute while the planting was going on. There is such a thing as being lazy; but the fact is, that I was rather careless about the matter, because I was certain that, do what I would, there would be plenty of people to surpass me; and, if I could not put in pretensions to the best crop, I did not much care about the degree in which I should be beneath the best. In a part of the ground, the dry weather prevented the corn from coming up regularly. This ground I ploughed up and sowed with Swedish turnips, leaving nothing but the same spot which I had last year, and using no manure of any description. That was one thing to try, at any rate. I put two rows upon one ridge, the ridges six feet from top to top; and, by ploughing between, I have got upon all the good part of the piece, much about as

good a crop as I had last year, though, I think, not quite so early; but quite early enough to ripen. I transplanted a little for experiment. I am now perfectly convinced that transplanting is the best way, and that you may transplant with safety until just before the tassel comes out. This gives full time for a crop of early cabbages; full time for a crop of winter vetches; full time for a crop of early podding peas; full time for a crop of winter barley, or a crop of rye to be cut green; and this, year after year, for ever.

There are some suggestions which I wish to offer to my readers. *FIRST*, by no means to gather the corn before it be perfectly *hard*. You need not fear that the weather will hurt it. The ears will drop down in time; but they will still hang to the stalk. When you gather, do not do as I did last year, gather in great quantities at a time; and let it lie in heaps, until the husking has been gone through. Gather when it is perfectly dry; carry in as much as you can husk the next day. Take care of that, and then go on again at your leisure. You will always find some *soft* ears. These are to be given to pigs immediately, or as soon as convenient; for you will find them very difficult to keep without being mouldy. Have some porkers ready to fat, or some sows with pig or having pigs, or something of the sort, and they will very conveniently relieve you from your soft ears of corn. This is what is done in the northern parts of America, and in Canada, and we must do the same. The hard ears must not be thrown together in great heaps; for there is still moisture in the cob. Great care must be taken not to stow them away out of the air; but, in counties like Kent, where there are hop-kilns always at hand, thirty-six hours in a heat, never exceeding from seventy-five to eighty degrees, enables you to stow the corn away in bins, or in bays of a granary; and where the quantity is large, and where the cultivation is to be perpetual, what is the expense of a little kiln or host? Mr. Tull gives directions for the preserving of wheat for any number of years, by gentle heat

on a kiln for a certain number of hours, and there is no doubt that this would be a great improvement in our system of farming. He says that it improves the flour or wheat. If the crop of corn be small, the hard ears may be preserved thus without either crib or kiln. Strip the husks instead of pulling them off, and tie ten or twelve ears together in a bunch, in a string or bit of matting, round the husks. Then hang them up in any dry and airy place. Those that I sold at Fleet Street last year, in bunches, were thus managed. All the walls of two of the rooms of the farmhouse (one of them being my occasional bed-room) were furnished with little tenter-hooks at convenient distances; the beams and joists of the ceiling were furnished in the same manner; and here I hung up thousands of bunches of corn, which afterwards went to bring plants in thousands upon thousands of English gardens.

Second, if your plat of corn be small, and standing in places too convenient and too tempting to the sparrows, you must be very vigilant as soon as your corn begins to have milk in it. I do not like to be engaged in a conspiracy against these poor fellows; for they are extremely useful in counteracting the butterflies, and various other enemies of our gardens; but while there are so many other things for them to take toll out of, less valuable to us than the corn, they might, in common compassion, spare that. Spare it they will not, however, if they can get at it with safety. They do not, indeed, spare any grain that grows near to hedges or trees; but if the farmers do not understand the goodness of this corn, the sparrows do; and like the poultry, they prefer it, soft or hard, to every thing else. When it is hard, it is too firmly fixed in the cob to be removed by them; and their beaks cannot break it by any means; but when it is in the milky state, they settle upon the plant; and if the ear be uncovered at the point, as it frequently is, they begin upon it, and peck out the milky matter from the grains. I have a few plants in my garden at Barn-Elm, which I transplanted about the middle of

July, by way of experiment; and the sparrows seem resolved not to leave me a grain to come to perfection. Shooting at them a few times, and killing now and then one, is the most effectual remedy. This too, as in the case of barley and wheat, is the best protection of corn under the hedges in large fields.

Several of my correspondents have tried the tops and blades in their green state, as food for horses and cattle. They ought not to begin topping the corn too soon, but strictly to follow the directions given in my Treatise. I plough with oxen, and not with horses; and it is my intention to begin topping my corn in a few days; to give the leafy parts to my oxen in the yard, in cribs, and the stalky part to a drove of hogs, which I have kept, during the day, in a meadow; and which have a bait of cabbages at night. The cabbages, though they have been a prodigious crop, are now beginning to shrink, and therefore, I shall begin upon the corn-tops, which I shall cut only as I want them for about a fortnight or three weeks, and then cut all the rest, and dry them if I can.

The reader has observed me frequently to mention the name of Mr. Thomas Hulme, who emigrated to America at the same time that I went thither in 1817. To my great surprise, this gentleman, together with Mrs. Hulme, and two of their children, called upon us at Kensington, the Sunday before last. Mr. Hulme had had business in France; and he is now at Liverpool, I believe, in the way back to Philadelphia. I talked with him, of course, about the famous *TARIFF*, of which I regarded him, and still regard him, as the principal author; but I told him of the corn, first saying to him: "If we had but your *corn*; if old England had but that *Indian corn*, you and your Yankees might take all your spinning jennies, and all the power-looms, and work and scratch yourselves out of existence." "Aye," said he, "but that's what thee *cannot have*." "Well, then," said I, "we have got it; you have given the Yankees the rotten cottons and the spinning jennies; and I have taken your *corn*, and given it to

"England." This led us to talk about the corn; and though I told him that I had raised a field of corn, and sold the produce, he would not believe it: he still treated it as a joke, though my statement was seriously corroborated by others. To settle the matter; not to let him go back to America without a conviction that the corn would ripen here, I took him to a Mr. Greig, a most meritorious working gardener and nurseryman at the Conduit, at Bayswater; and there, to his utter astonishment, he saw a piece of corn nearly ripe. His surprise was very great. He, who is a quick-sighted man, and sees far into consequences, seemed for a minute or two, wrapped in thought upon beholding this sight: he said it was a great thing, indeed; that it would make a great change in the condition and powers of the country; and I was pleased to perceive, which I clearly did, that he had too much of the Englishman left in him not to feel pleasure in contemplating the result. "Now," said I, "have I not done more for old England than you have done for America?" He acknowledged that I had, for that now, in a few years at any rate, England could never stand in need of a corn-bill, or of importation of corn.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

It is a strange thing, but it is not more strange than true, that there would appear to be a simultaneous desire in the editors of newspapers, and especially those of London, to keep the horrible distresses of the country entirely out of view; for, with the exception of *The Morning Journal*, as far as my observation has gone, there hardly ever slips out, even by accident, any thing from which one would suppose the country to be experiencing any distress at all; when the fact is, that while merchants and traders are tumbling down, one after another, in swift succession, the people of the country, though in the midst of harvest, are, in many places, in a state nearly approaching to desperation from want. A correspondent (whom by the by, I should be very glad

to see when it is convenient to him) has sent me the following extracts from *The Coventry Observer* of Thursday, the 10th of September.

“COVENTRY POLICE OFFICE, Monday, September 7.—Fifty-seven persons, living in the parish of Foleshill, appeared on summonses for non-payment of poor's rates. With the exception of three or four, whose extreme poverty rendered any order of payment useless; they were all desired to pay in one month, with three shillings expenses.—Wednesday, September 9. Fifty-two persons from Foleshill parish appeared on summonses, for non-payment of poor-rates. They were ordered to pay by instalments.”

In the neighbourhood of Frome in Somersetshire, the people have been wholly unable, in many cases, to pay the poor-rates; and the overseers, compelled to do something to relieve them, have *billeted* them on the tax-payers, who were unable to pay. I am informed of one tradesman who had three paupers billeted upon him! This is drawing very close towards that state of things when no man will have to say that he has *property*. The poor in England *will not lie down and starve quietly*, as long as the country abounds in food. And what has produced this state of things? Not an overstock of labourers; not an overstock of manufacturers; not a want of employment: but a want of money to pay for the employment. And what has produced this latter want? Why the demands of tax-gatherer, direct and indirect, co-operating with measures which have, since the peace, augmented the value of money three-fold, and which have, therefore, augmented the value of the taxes in the same degree. Continue these measures, will you? Continue them you cannot: you must do one thing or the other, lower the value of the money, or lessen the nominal amount of the taxes. There are rumours about a Bank-restriction, and also about putting small-notes out again. Neither of these schemes; or, rather, both together, for one would be useless without the other,

will do any thing but add to the confusion which will come at last, unless a peaceable and *equitable adjustment* be adopted. I am well aware of the pain, the mortification inexpressible, the shame which this measure must now bring upon the Government and the Parliament: the bank-restriction, or the equitable adjustment itself, would be received by the nation with an universal shout of, “There comes Cobbett's triumph at last”; but, shameful as it will be, the cup of shame must be drunk off to the dregs; for this dreadful ruin must stand, or convulsion more dreadful must be the consequence. It is difficult to say what will be attempted; but that some great change must take place, and that soon, every man is now thoroughly convinced. I hope it will take place; and I hope it more for the sake of the people than for that of my own fame: I have a right to exult, and exult I do, and shall; but at any rate, let us have a mitigation of this our horrible suffering. I have a letter from Paisley, which I shall insert next week, and which is enough to wring the heart of any man of common feeling; and though the state of the wretched people there does not surprise me, having always foreseen it; still, now that the thing is come, and I actually behold it, I can hardly believe my own eyes. I foretold all this in three letters to the DUKE of WELLINGTON, the moment he entered on his office. He thought proper to turn a deaf ear to me, and he has now to experience the consequences.

RADICAL REFORM SOCIETY.

I MENTIONED, in my last, that at the close of the last meeting, Mr. Daniel French, one of the members of the Society, said that a certain illustrious personage (whom he named) had been pardoned before trial, and added, that he himself wished for “universal confusion,” and that he was “a republican.” I mentioned that I, having heard this from a member of the Society, and that being convinced, as I had just told the meeting, that with sentiments of that description on our lips, we must do in-

jury, in place of benefit, to the cause of reform, I lost no time, after I had heard these sentiments from one of the members of the Society, to write to Mr. Grady, their secretary, requesting him to inform the Society, that I had withdrawn my name from the list of its members. I added, "accordingly, I have ceased to belong to that Society, and I shall be present at its meetings no more, either as a speaker or hearer." This letter was sent to Mr. Grady on Tuesday, the 8th of September. On Saturday, the 12th of September, I received the following letter from Mr. Grady:—

"SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 8th September; I lost no time in laying the same before a very full Committee of the Association, who have come to the following resolution. 'That Mr. Cobbett's assertion in his letter of the 8th September to the Secretary, and reiterated in his Political Register, dated the 12th September; namely, that Mr. French, at the public Meeting of this Association, held on the 7th instant, stated, that he wished for universal confusion, and was a republican, is a deliberate falsehood.'"

On this letter I have first to remark, that my letter of the 8th, containing the same complaint, and the same notification, remained unnoticed from Tuesday until Saturday; that is to say, until the substance of it had been communicated to the public. Next, the Committee was so very full that it would have been, I suppose, too tedious to mention the names of the members of it; but surely that of the *Chairman* might have been mentioned. Lastly, I here re-assert the contents of my letter to the Secretary, and have only to add, that it was a pity the gross falsehood, the notorious falsehood, the brazen falsehood, with regard to an illustrious personage having been pardoned before trial, had not also been called a "*deliberate falsehood*." All that I said was true; and this Committee may assert as long as they please, they never will be believed by any per-

sons of sense. There have been times when every member of the Society would have been prosecuted for the words uttered by French; and though such a prosecution would have been neither just nor politic, it would nevertheless have been injurious to all the members. For my part, I do not choose to make myself responsible, directly or indirectly, for such assertions and such sentiments, and therefore I will have nothing more to do with this Society.

EMIGRANT'S GUIDE.

Just published, at my shop, No. 183, Fleet Street, a volume under this title, price 2s. 6d. in boards, and consisting of ten letters, addressed to *English Tax-payers*, of which letters, the following are the contents:—

Letter I.—On the Question, Whether it be advisable to emigrate from England at this time?

Letter II.—On the Descriptions of Persons to whom Emigration would be most beneficial.

Letter III.—On the Parts of the United States to go to, preceded by Reasons for going to no other Country, and especially not to an English Colony.

Letter IV.—On the Preparations some time previous to Sailing.

Letter V.—Of the sort of Ship to go in, and of the Steps to be taken relative to the Passage, and the sort of Passage; also of the Stores, and other things, to be taken out with the Emigrant.

Letter VI.—Of the Precautions to be observed while on board of Ship, whether in Cabin or Steerage.

Letter VII.—Of the first Steps to be taken on Landing.

Letter VIII.—Of the way to proceed to get a Farm, or a Shop, to settle in Business, or to set yourself down as an Independent Gentleman.

Letter IX.—On the means of Educating Children, and of obtaining literary Knowledge.

Letter X.—Of such other Matters, a knowledge relating to which must be useful to every one going from England to the United States.

It grieves me very much to know it to be my duty to publish this book; but I cannot refrain from doing it, when I see the alarms and hear the cries of thousands of virtuous families that it may save from utter ruin.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

THE Fourth Number of this work is now published. The title is "Advice to Young Men, and, incidentally and with great diffidence, to Young Women, in the middle and higher ranks of life." I have begun with the YOUTH, and shall go to the YOUNG MAN or the BACHELOR, talk the matter over with him as a LOVER, then consider him in the character of HUSBAND; then as FATHER; then as CITIZEN or SUBJECT; though if he will be ruled by me, he will, if he can, contrive to exist in the former of these two capacities. Such will be the nature of my work; or, rather, such will be the division of it. Each number will contain thirty pages of print; will be covered by a wrapper which will have notices, advertisements, and the like, in the usual way. The work is intended to contain twelve Numbers, to be published on the first day of every month, and the price of each Number will be *Sixpence*. So that for six shillings, expended in one year of his life, I do believe that any Youth or Young Man may acquire that knowledge, which will enable him to pass the rest of his life with as little as possible of those troubles and inconveniences which arise from want of being warned of danger in time. At any rate, I, who have passed safely through as many dangers as any man that ever lived, will give my young countrymen the means of acquiring all the knowledge relative to these matters, which my experience has given me.

PROTESTANT "REFORMATION," in England and Ireland, showing how that event has impoverished and degraded the main body of the people in those countries; in a series of letters, addressed to all sensible and just Englishmen. A new edition, in two volumes; the price of the first volume 4s. 6d., and for the second 3s. 6d.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Published this day, price 2 shillings,

A VIEW of the RISE, PROGRESS, and PROBABLE DECLINE of the EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY: addressed to the Insurers in the Equitable and other Insurance Offices in London.—By W. BALDWIN. George Swire, Norfolk Street, Strand.

GENERAL POST OFFICE,
17th September, 1829.

The BUSINESS of this DEPARTMENT will be transferred to the NEW POST OFFICE, St. Martin-le-Grand, on WEDNESDAY, the 23d of SEPTEMBER.

The hours for the receipt of Letters and Newspapers, and for the despatch of the Mails, will be the same as at present.

In addition to the ordinary receiving houses, Branch Offices will, on that day, be opened at Charing Cross, Vere Street, Oxford Street, and in Lombard Street, for the receipt of Inland, Foreign, and Ship Letters, and where notice will be given of the arrival of Foreign Mails, &c.

The ordinary receiving houses will be closed at the same hour as at present: the Letter Carriers will continue to collect Letters, ringing their bells from five until six; and the Branch Offices, at Charing Cross and Vere Street, will be open for the receipt of Letters until a quarter before seven o'clock, P. M. The Office in Lombard Street will remain open until seven o'clock, after which hour no Letters can possibly be received, except at the General Post Office, in St. Martin-le-Grand.

On the Foreign Post Nights, viz., Tuesday and Friday, Foreign Letters will be received at Charing Cross and Vere Street until eight P. M., and, in Lombard Street, until eleven, P. M. No Letters can, on any account, be received at any of the Branch Offices later than the hours above specified.

Newspapers to be forwarded by the Post of the same night, must be put into the Branch Offices before five P. M.

In consequence of the removal of the Twopenny Post to St. Martin-le-Grand, a new Receiving House for Twopenny Post Letters will be opened in Cornhill.

When the new arrangements are completed, the Post Master General hopes that the delivery of Letters, by the General Post Letter Carriers, may be finished in all parts of the Metropolis by eleven o'clock, Monday excepted.

By Command of his Majesty's Post Master General. F. FREELING, Secretary.

RADICAL REFORM ASSOCIATION.

HENRY HUNT, Esq., in the Chair.

The Adjourned MONTHLY MEETING of this Association will take place on Monday Evening next, Sept. 21st, in the Theatre of the Mechanics' Institute, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, at 8 o'clock.

Motion.—By Messrs. Hand.—Address to the People of England. — S. Wells.—Progress of Radical Reform.

Public are admitted on payment of a Rent of One Penny.

JOHN GRADY, Secretary.

Printed by William Cobbett, Johnson's-court; and published by him, at 133, Fleet street.